BELL'S LITERARY INTELLIGENCE,

AND NEW NATIONAL OMNIBUS.

A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MUSIC, THEATRICALS, AND THE FINE ARTS, BOTH FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Public are respectfully informed, that "BELL'S LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, AND NEW NATIONAL OMNIBUS," will be published every *Friday Evening*. Advertisements must therefore be sent to the Office, 59, Fleet-street, by Wednesday Evening at latest, to secure insertion.

For good Selections, and well written Original Articles, existing only in MS., it is presumed "BELL'S LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, AND NEW NATIONAL OMNIBUS," is not to be surpassed by any of the cheap, or some of the more expensive Publications of the day.

Theatricals will form a leading feature of the Journal.

Books, Music, &c. will meet with an Impartial Review in the "BELL'S LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, AND NEW NATIONAL OMNIBUS."

All Letters, unless from known Correspondents, must be post paid.

We are obliged to defer noticing several of the Monthly Magazines in our present number, in consequence of press of other matter.

E. F. in our next.

BELL'S

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE,

AND NEW NATIONAL OMNIBUS.

London, February 8th, 1834.

REVIEWS.

The History of Switzerland. — By HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE. E. Wilson, Royal Exchange.

This is a very interesting Work, being a translation from the German; it contains an account of the Swiss nation, from its early origin to the present time; the many anecdotes of popular interest and historical truths which abound throughout the volume, of which the history of William Tell, rendered celebrated by the pen of Sheridan Knowles, is not the least agreeable, make it highly amusing as well as instructive, and will, no doubt, be always received with admiration, by every lover of liberty.

Lives and Portraits of celebrated Women of all Countries.—By the DUCHESS OF ABRANTES. Bull and Churton.

The present number contains Portraits and Memoirs of Madame Letizia Bonaparte, (the mother of Napoleon) Lady Jane Gray, Anne Zingha (Queen of Matamba), and Donna Catilina de Erauso (the new Ensign); all of which appear to be taken from clever and authentic pictures; and the engravings are exceedingly well executed, together with the Memoirs, renders the work one of unquestionable interest.

Outline of the Plan of a Proposed Colony to be founded on the South Coast of Australia. Ridgway and Son, Piccadilly.

This pamphlet, with a view to further the South Australian Association, is principally composed of extracts from Flinder, and others, on the soil, climate, and general resources of Southern Australia. To all interested in colonization, and those whose object it may be to emigrate, will do well to read these pages.

A Protest against the Reform Ministry and Reformed Parliament. Effingham Wilson.

This pamphlet contains many politically-correct, clear, and judicious observations, too strong to be refuted.—As the session has now commenced, let us hope Ministers will exert themselves in redemption of the past, and in pursuit of those great objects promised by reform and expected by the country.

Hampden in the Nineteenth Century: or Colloquies on the Errors and Improvements of Society. 2 vols. 8vo., London: Moxon, Dover-street.

We have perused these volumes with no inconsiderable degree of pleasure; and in recommending them to our readers, we feel confident that they will participate with ourselves in bestowing the just meed of praise upon its author. For want of room we are compelled to omit a lengthened extract, which we intended to have inserted this week, which we shall therefore postpone until our next.

Criminal Trials in England; their Defects and Remedies. Ridgway.

Justice and humanity have long loudly called for advocates such as Mr. Cooke to bring the attention of the legislature to the amendment of the criminal laws. The sad and melancholy results arising from the defects of the present system the writer has very forcibly delineated. The injustice of not admitting the accused the full benefit of counsel, the dreadful rapidity with which execution follows condemnation, depriving the unhappy victim of the power of proving his innocence, the errors of enforced unanimity of juries, the non-qualification of jurymen, and many other important topics, are all ably treated of by the author, Mr. Cooke.

The Horse.—Hamlet, Temple Bar

A little Tract, under the above somewhat curious title has lately appeared. It is a treatise on the properties, good and bad, of that useful animal; and the writer has entered largely into the minutia and management of the stable. It is evident, that he is an old experienced hand; and many of the remarks are shrewd and good—but few of them are new. This detracts but little from the merits of the work—for the most knowing of us need a jogging now and then, on matters of every-day occurrence. We collect that it is to be continued weekly; and, under proper guidance and discretion, it cannot fail to embody useful hints, that old and young may profit by. It is neatly got up—the style is easy—and the price moderate. We wish it success: towards which, the writer's tact—together with the aid and contributions of others, experienced as himself—will, no doubt, very much contribute.

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.—We have ever been pleased with the numbers of this periodical, and the one for the present number confirms our former conviction. We regret that the periodical came so late, as it precludes us the pleasure of bearing testimony to the excellence of this work. Upon perusal, we find that the number for this month contains every thing that a reader of Magazines could desire. "Jacob Faithful" is well worthy of attention; and we think that the reader will derive ample amusement by digesting its contents. There is also a very superior article upon "Imprisonment for Debt," which we recommend to attentive consideration.

Trait and Condition of Portegnese. By Miss PARDOE.

We this week beg to lay before our Readers the following lengthened extract from the above popular and interesting work.

"Fifty years ago, the then King of Portugal had been boar-hunting, a sport of which he was inordinately fond, in the immediate neighbourhood of Batalha, accompanied by a great retinue of nobles. Previously to his return to Lisbon, he honoured the community by sojourning in their monastery a day and a night, to recover from the fatigue of his expedition. At this period Father Lawrence was about twenty years of age, already a monk, and, judging from his appearance, even when I saw him, as handsome a friar as ever drew cowl over a shaven crown; tall and athletic, with a dignified carriage, and an eye like an eagle. Be this, however, as it might, it is certain that he had long been attached to a beautiful peasant girl in the hamlet of Batalha, who had returned his affection; when the royal party arrived at the monastery. As he contemplated the magnificence of the nobles, their gorgeous array, and their liveried retinue, a pang of jealousy shot across his heart; for he felt that *she* too was looking with wonder, and probably with admiration also, on these gilded courtiers. It is easy to imagine the bitterness with which, (young, high-spirited, and devotedly attached as he was), the monk turned from the jewels, plumes, and steeds of the nobles, to look upon his own robe of serge, his shaven head, and untanned sandals! The event proved that the moment had been gall to him.

"Among the *Fidalgos* was the King's Master-of-the-horse, who was described to me as a striking handsome man, in the bloom of life, of high family, and higher hopes; light-hearted, generous to excess, and an enthusiast in beauty. Wearied after a time, by the monotony of the monastery, this young noble, such as I have endeavoured to portray him, unfortunately wandered into the hamlet, and there encountered the beautiful peasant; he thought her lovely, and he scrupled not to tell her so; the dark-eyed *donzella* (maiden,) was unhappily not indifferent to the admiration uttered by such courtly lips; her vanity taught her heart to flutter, even if it failed to make it false, and she smiled where she should have shunned; as she listened to the noble. Father Lawrence was forgotten; her new lover talked long and tenderly to her, unheard, but not unseen; and when at length they parted, and the gorgeous noble raised the hand of the fair peasant to his lips, she had promised that this meeting should not be their last. Alas! they met no more in this world! The monk had seen all—he knew the meaning of every glance of the dark eye in whose light he had lived so long; and he watched them until the young *Fidalgo* gathered his *capa* (cloak,) round him to return to the monastery; he had not lost a look, nor a gesture; and as he stood in his hiding-place, gnashing his teeth, and clenching his hands he swore in the depths of his spirit that their hour of dalliance should avail them nothing; it was a silent and a guilty vow, and fearfully was it kept!

"When the young monk emerged from his concealment his brain was on fire; he paused not to reflect on consequences—he hesitated not on results—but traversing the little street of the hamlet with hasty strides; he hurried to the cottage of a peasant who was in his confidence. The monk needed not to tell the tale of guilty love beneath that humble roof—he acquired no breathing time to explain to his solitary listener the rise and progress of his fatal passion—he had only to plunge at once into the narrative of what he designated his wrongs—to give a loose to the demon which was working within him—to lend words to the frightful project which had suddenly sprung up in his heart—and to claim the co-operation of his obsequious auditor—all this required but scant time; and after the lapse of a few moments, Father Lawrence quitted the cottage; and it was afterwards remembered that he was calm, perfectly calm, and had spoken courteously to one of the villagers whom he had encountered on his way.

After the evening banquet, the young nobleman again left the monastery, and entered the stable which was appropriated to the horses of the King. The door was suddenly closed behind him, and he was struck to the earth by a blow from an axe! The work of death was soon completed; but not with sufficient speed to permit the escape of the murderers. As they were about to retreat from the scene of blood, some of the royal grooms entered the stable, and they were instantly secured;—need I say that the assassins were Father Lawrence, and the peasant, his confident?

"The fearful event caused great and general consternation; the rank of the victim, and the vocation of one of his murderers, augmented the sensation and the horror of the public; the culprits were tried and condemned; the ill-judging and ill-fated girl, who had been the cause of the barbarous act, was placed in a convent, and the peasant suffered death; but as the monks are never executed in Portugal, be their crimes what they may, owing to the scandal which it would cause among the laity, Father Lawrence was delivered up to his Order, to be dealt with as they should see fit. The Prior of Batalha, justly indignant and exasperated at the disgrace brought upon his house, summoned a Chapter of the Order, and by it the delinquent friar was condemned to be confined for life in the prison-vault beneath the chapel. Rigidly was his sentence enforced, for the Prior was so deeply wounded by the stigma which the crime of the culprit had cast upon the community, that he would not soften down in one iota the bitterness of that fate which had been awarded to him; a loaf and a stone pitcher of water were placed beside him, and the guilty wretch was briefly counselled to make his peace with heaven, as with this world he had then done for ever—sight or sound of man was he never to know

REVIEWS—(CONTINUED.)

again—the sentence of excommunication was passed upon him—and he was left in utter darkness to perish miserably by famine! The stern Prior himself turned the key of his fearful prison, and carried it away no one knew whither; and from that day the name of Father Lawrence never passed his lips. Some of the younger monks, however, if not less oblivious, were decidedly less unrelenting; and they found means to convey food to him in trifling quantities through a crevice beneath the iron-studded door of the vault; and shortly after his incarceration, they supplied him with a tool by the means of which he made an opening large enough to admit whatever they wished to convey to him. Thus did he live—if such an existence may be termed life—without a ray of light, and fastened to a ring in the wall of his dungeon, by a manacle, which passed round his body, and was attached to a chain, barely sufficient in length to enable him to profit by the good offices of those whose pity outweighed their horror; and this for upwards of eight long years!

"In the year 1810, the French army brought partial ruin to this monastery, but to Father Lawrence it brought freedom; he fled with the brotherhood; and as, during the period of his imprisonment, the Prior of Batalha had been elected General of the Order, and a successor appointed, little remark was excited in those troublous times by his reappearance. When, after the retreat of the French, the monks returned to the monastery, Father Lawrence voluntarily surrendered himself to the brotherhood; who, in consideration of the long captivity which he had already endured in chains and darkness, suffered him to be at large in the monastery, stipulating, however, that he should neither serve the mass, nor leave the premises unaccompanied by another of the community. That the culprit should again voluntarily subject himself even to these restrictions may appear extraordinary; and the fact that he was ignorant in how far indulgence would be extended to him on his return, renders it, at first sight, still more so; but, be it remembered, that Father Lawrence was under the ban of the church—that he was an excommunicated outcast—and that the mere hope of being once more admitted into the bosom of that Church, was alone sufficient to induce him to risk all the rest;—thus read the simple monks of the secret of his re-appearance—let the subsequent actions of his life declare the truth or fallacy of their judgment.

"Shortly after this arrangement, the former Prior of Batalha made a tour of the Houses of his Order, and announced his speedy arrival at his old monastery. Father Lawrence was once more immured with all speed in his vault; the manacles were replaced; and, by his particular desire, the holy visiter was informed of his existence, and of his pious wish to obtain the pardon and blessing of his spiritual Father ere his miserable career should end. The saintly superior started at the unlooked-for and unwelcome intelligence, and spared neither reproach nor penance to such of the community as had contributed to prolong the existence of the criminal; but when he heard that the penitent had returned conscience-stricken to his cell, and that he now waited in humility and tears, to kiss the hem of his own most holy garment, he was softened; and yielded to the entreaties of the brotherhood that he would shed a ray of light over the darkness of the sinner's dungeon.—He went accordingly, attended by two inferior monks, and approached the criminal with the words of pardon and of peace—but he trusted too much to the safeguard of his own sanctity — he diminished too greatly the space which divided himself and the culprit—his throat was suddenly grasped as by a hand of iron, and he was hurled to the earth! Well was it for the proud Prior that he went not alone, or he had never returned alive: Father Lawrence clung to him with all the strength and energy of eight-and-twenty, and all the rage of one who believed himself to have been injured and oppressed; and it required the united efforts of the two attendant monks to free their affrighted and panting superior from the clutch of the desperate criminal.

"After this adventure, the brotherhood feared to free him altogether from his confinement—they dreaded alike to risk the anger of their General, and their own personal safety; they permitted him, however, to have the whole range of the subterraneans beneath the chapel—they supplied him plentifully with food; and after a few months of irritation and restlessness, the guilty monk sought some occupation which might beguile his tedious hours. He learned to knit embossed stockings, and to work lace—in both which arts, when I knew him, he excelled. The Madonna on the High Altar is indebted to the incarcerated assassin for both her hose and her petticoat! This second captivity he endured for twelve years; and it terminated almost imperceptibly. First, the criminal was allowed to ascend to hear mass in the chapel, in consideration of his time being spent in the service of the Virgin, and the Saints! Then he was permitted to occupy a seat below the lay-brothers in the refectory, on high festivals and feasts—and next he became an attendant in the hospital; and repaid by his assiduity, the cares which had so long preserved his own existence. When I mention that he was a man of superior understanding and talent it will be less a matter of surprise that, having already conceded so much, the brotherhood should eventually receive him once more among them upon equal terms; still, however, insisting that he should not wander beyond the monastery. Thus was he situated when I first saw him, save only that he had been elected Sacristan."

MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

Amid the varied scenes of mortal life;
So full of hatred, envy, discord, strife—
To-day, in wealth respected and caress'd—
To-morrow, by chill poverty oppress'd,
Where e'er we roam, our fortunes to amend,
We find, at last, there's nothing like a friend.

And where, in life, is there a more noble field for the exercise of friendship, than in the reciprocal relation existing between Master and Servant? A faithful servant is the domestic centinel, who guards his master's property and *Life*, if necessary, with a vigilant and jealous eye: his industry is not that of the mere hireling, who seeks his opportunity for idleness, but one whose bosom is the repository of many a family secret, which he would rather perish than betray. If the sun of prosperity shine upon the master, the faithful servant participates in that prosperity with honest joy; if the clouds of adversity threatens a coming storm, he strains every nerve to support *appearances* in his employer's household and keep that lynx-eyed monster, *suspicion*, from prying too closely into the circumstances of his master's sunken fortune; and when the hand of fate hath struck the blow, and the worthy head of a family succumbs to destiny, and poverty appears in all its terrors,—numerous have been the instances, where a true and faithful servant, has proved the preserver of his master's life and honor, by sharing with him in misfortune the savings of a long career of industry and virtue, inspired by that purest of all motives, in men or angels, god-like gratitude:—

In the bright crown of virtue no pearl doth appear,
So precious and lovely as gratitude's tear;
When with eyes beaming joy, not obscured by distress,
The *receiver* of good comes, the *giver* to bless.
'Tis gratitude teaches, when battle is done,
To honor the brave who the victory won;
'Tis gratitude cries to the child ne'er neglect
Those parents in age who thy youth did protect—
'Tis gratitude paints the rich tints of the flower,
When heaven in pity hath sent it a shower;
'Tis gratitude teaches the diamond to shine,
Upon him by whose hand it was dug from the mine;
For in virtue's bright crown not a pearl doth appear,
So precious and lovely as gratitude's tear.

But in the selection of servants, the greatest care should unquestionably be employed, especially with regard to such as, within the sacred circle of domestic life, devote their time and talent to the education of youth, fill the confidential office of companions in the hours of social enjoyment, or set as readers by the bed of sickness, beguiling the agony of the body by administering intellectual comfort to the mind.—It is indeed a most delightful task, "to rear the tender plant"—yet of what paramount importance is it not to every parent to be assured, from the respectability and competency of those employed in so sacred a duty, that the youthful minds of their tender offspring will not be suffered to take a wrong direction, or too early for eradication, imbibe principles and prejudices, calculated to embitter their future happiness, if not subvert that grand basis of all prosperity in life, the moral dignity of man.

THE FAMILY OF BURNS.—Of the family and fame of the poet something should be said. Good and active friends bestirred themselves after his death; Currie munificently wrote his life and edited his works; Robert, his eldest son, was placed in the Stamp office by Lord Sidmouth; cadetships in India were generously obtained for William and James by Sir James Shaw, who otherwise largely befriended the family; and Lord Panmure nobly presented 100l annually to his widow, till the success of her sons in India enabled them to interpose, and take—not without remonstrance—that pious duty on themselves. The venerable Mrs. Burns lives in the house where her eminent husband died; all around her has an air of comfort, and she has been enabled to save a small sum out of her affairs; and her brother-in-law, Gilbert, died lately, after having established his family successfully in the world.—*Cunningham's Life of Burns.*—How different is the fate of the family of Bloomfield!

At this season of the year, when Colds and Coughs are so prevalent, persons so afflicted, will find great benefit from the use of the RASPBERRY BALSAM; an exquisite preparation; blending all the sweets of that delicious fruit, and giving immediate ease and comfort to the afflict d.

POET'S CORNER.

LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

A shadow moving by one's side,
That would a substance seem,
That is, yet is not,—though descried
Like skies beneath the stream:
A tree that's ever in the bloom,
Whose fruit is never ripe;
A wish for joys that never come,—
Such are the hopes of Life.

A dark, inevitable night;
A blank that will remain;
A waiting for the morning light,
When waiting is in vain.
A gulph were pathway never led
To show the depth beneath;
A thing we know not, yet we dread,—
That dreadful thing is Death.

The vaulted void of purple sky
That every where extends,
That stretches from the dazzled eye,
In space that never ends:
A morning, whose uprisen sun
No setting e're shall see;
A day that comes without a noon,—
Such is Eternity.

IMPROMPTU—ON AN APPLE.

By a Lady; addressed to the Gentlemen.

This is the Fruit that tempted Eve,
The first of women, to deceive,
And caus'd her thence to disobey
Her husband's right and lawful sway.
Beguiling apple! tasting thee,
Unruly soon she learnt to be.

But we, alas! her daughters fair,
The punishment of theft must bear,
E'en in a worse degree,
Submissive hearts could we obtain,
Gladly from apples we'd refrain,
Though tempting they might be.

But since 'tis our unhappy fate,
Of Eve's first fault to bear the weight,
Most humbly we implore,—
That when we plague you, you will lay
The blame on that unlucky day,
That tempted Eve before.

M. L. E.

We extract the following from a clever work (lately published by Simpkin and Marshall) called, *The Lay of Life*. By HANS BUSK—p. 217.

THE BRIDAL MAID.

Why bendest thou, sweet maid, that form?
Why droops that head forlorn?
Like Spring's soft blossom which the storm
Has blasted, scath'd, and torn?

Like it, why shed those drops of pearl
To steep the barren clod?
Those lips, why like its petals, curl
Around this lifeless sod?

Like it, why wastes that precious sigh
Its perfumed breath in air?
Why clouds that withered cheek—ah! why
Its colours in despair?

That eye was dimm'd, those lips were blue,
And yet they scorn'd Relief;
That visage mocked at Pity too,
With eloquence of Grief.

It said—I've searched the world around
To find out Honor's bed;—
On him who lies there,—now I've found,
My cheek's fresh roses shed.

I've found, with Glory at his side,
Where they've my true love laid;
And since I cannot be his bride
I'll be his *Bridal maid.*

Wo to ye, who from battle came!
Who fought—fought not to save!
Like me,—who would partake his fame,
Like me,—must share his grave.

AMUSING LITERATURE.

THE QUIET NEIGHBOUR,

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

When the bad health of Mr. Cecil compelled him to change the air of Russell Square for that of the neighbourhood of Kensington, he found it convenient to remove into a house which was attached to another, contrary to the wishes of his two daughters, who desired to have found a cottage ornée, more sequestered and enclosed by pleasure ground. Caroline, the eldest, was, however, soon reconciled to the circumstance, for, being on the point of marriage, it was not of moment to her, and she observed, "that Ellen, her sister, would soon become reconciled, as the inhabitant of the next house appeared to be really a quiet neighbour."

"If we are to have neighbours at all," replied the discontented Ellen, "commend me to a gay one. I have no idea of being exposed to the *surveillance* of prying eyes, and ill-natured misconstruction, which always belong to a country neighbourhood; without the power of observing gay visitants, criticising new fashions, and flaunting equipages; and in short, returning with interest the censoriousness to which we shall be subject."

Ellen was an affectionate daughter, willing to endure much privation for a beloved and suffering parent, but she was also a lively girl, habituated to the pleasures of the metropolis, and heretofore spending her time in a gay circle: and the great change in her situation left her at leisure for observation, especially as her sister was busied with preparations for a more welcome change. Ellen, therefore, became by degrees, and unconsciously, the very character she had reprehended in another, and was always either looking out for her neighbour or seeking to learn something concerning him. It soon became plain "that he was a widower, and saw very little company, most probably a mean-spirited wretch, for he kept no footman;" "he had one child, which was very pretty, and neatly, but never smartly dressed; it was much too nice a child for the stupid wretch its father."

A glimpse was at length got of this stupid wretch, who proved to be a man about twenty-eight, tall and elegant in person, with a calm, fine countenance, although an air of subdued sorrow or deep thought sate on his open brow. Caroline said "he looked interesting," Ellen, that "he looked solemn, and she hated the affectation of gravity more than all other affectations."

It was, however, evident that she could not forbear to look out on his going out, and to watch for his return, until the time when the marriage of her beloved sister, and the pain of parting with one who had been her companion from infancy, absorbed all other cares. To this succeeded an increased demand of her affectionate devotion towards the slowly declining health of her parent, to whom her thoughts and her time were wholly dedicated. Of her neighbour she saw and heard nothing, beyond now and then the plaintive strains of his flute; or the distribution of bread and soup to the poor, by his housekeeper, caught her eye from the back windows; so by degrees her foolish curiosity and her groundless dislike subsided.

Ellen was on the point of forgetting she had a neighbour, when one day as she was stepping out, the nurse-maid from the next house ran thence, and seizing her arm in breathless agitation, begged her to go into the next house for a single moment; "the dear child was dying in some sort of a fit, and cook was as frightened as herself."

Ellen was never deaf to the voice of the afflicted, and the sorrow now displayed was too genuine to be doubted. She loved all children, and had seen the one in question too often to be indifferent; she forgot that it had a father, but remembered that it was a motherless creature, and as such had claims on all. In another minute she was in the parlour of her quiet neighbour.

To her surprise, and almost dismay, the owner also was there, pacing the room with hurried steps one moment, and the next gazing on the apparently lifeless form of his poor child, as it lay on the knees of an eldery servant, now gently chafing its hands, and then stepping to the door in expectation of the doctor for whom he had sent.

It struck Ellen that the fit into which the child had fallen, resembled one she had witnessed at school, and which was the forerunner of measles, and lifting the child into her own arms, she desired the woman to procure hot water, immediately, adding, "I know there is plenty in our house, and perhaps my father's slipper-bath may be useful—let us try."

The very words seemed to re-animate the old domestic, and in a few minutes every thing was arranged, and life was restored; on the medical man's arrival the prognostic was confirmed, and the means adopted highly approved; and Ellen, blushing and shrinking from observation, left the house in more haste than she had entered it.

In relating this adventure to her father, Mr. Cecil could not forbear observing, "that so far as he could learn, the conduct of Mr. Appleton had shown throughout that he was a most tender father, and a good Christian also."

"That he is, certainly," cried Ellen; "I never can forget the expression of his countenance when he believed the little sufferer really dead; still less, could I lose the memory of his gratitude to God when her face resumed the hues of life, and her hands were stretched out, and she lisped Papa.—Really"——

Ellen suddenly paused—she was deeply affected, and the kind old man was scarcely less so; but in order to soothe her spirits he declared that he would spare her as much as possible during the illness of the child.

"I shall never go again, depend upon it, father; I am sensible of impropriety in having done so, but I was taken by surprise—indeed, I had not the smallest expectation of finding Mr. Appleton in the house."

"That I am sure of, Ellen, for if you had known it, I question if your humanity would have had fair play: since, however, you have done so much, it strikes me that you cannot be happy without doing a little more. I can go with you to-morrow."

"To-morrow, and to-morrow came," and so soon as the father had taken his daily departure, the kind neighbours took their stand near little Emma's couch, until she was able to bear removing into the next house, where her affections, not less than her natural desire of change, daily led her It will be readily conceived that the fond father was not slow to accept the warm invitations of his invalid neighbour, and the half-whispered acquiescence of that fair daughter, who had been so valuable to his child. In the course of the winter the quiet neighbour became the cherished guest.

It was evident that their friendly intercourse had a happy effect on both the gentlemen, who, although of different age and character, mutually benefitted each other. The aged sufferer found in the tender attentions, the superior attainments, and even the pious seriousness of his young friend, a species of steady consolation well suited to his present views and situation; and the younger, in the very exercise of kindness, and in the explanation of his own principles and those exalted hopes which he entertained as a Christian, found also a pleasure he had not known since he had consigned to the grave that beloved wife, whose memory he cherished so fondly, and whom he hoped to rejoin in a world of more permanent happiness.

Being a man of fine taste and extensive reading, his conversation frequently diverged to general literature, and Ellen, contrary to her habit, would attentively listen, but she rarely joined in the conversation so long as Mr. Appleton remained, although it was by no means uncommon for her to espouse his opinions, recapitulate his arguments, and even use his words in speaking to other friends. So great became her reserve, that on the first visit made by her married sister, their father complained of it to *her*. "My quiet neighbour," said he, "has become my kind companion, I may say my affectionate friend, but I grieve to find some lurking prejudice still exists in the mind of Ellen towards him; for although she esteems and admires him, and his little girl forms her greatest pleasure, she is cold and silent towards the parent. I can perceive that she is anxious as the evening approaches, which is likely to bring him, and I fear it is only for my sake she tolerates his visits."

Caroline, who had been wont to read every thought of her young heart, inquired how far this was true?

"I feel afraid of him, and ashamed of my own former folly: how could I dare to insinuate any thing against so excellent a man—a man of whom I knew nothing?"

"Very true, my dear; but the fact was, that you were vexed at exchanging a gay circle for a dull one, and your temper being ruffled, found a vent in speaking of a stranger;—he was a safety-valve to *you*, and as you did not injure *him*, now the matter is over there is no occasion to recollect it. I would have you neither fear him nor love him, but respect him."

"Alas! I do all three.—I count the hours of his absence, though I feel humiliated during his presence; and almost desire his departure, lest he should discover what is passing in my heart. I know that his own is in the grave, save so far as it is given to his child, and therefore I am hopeless; he has led me to a new and better world than I ever contemplated before, but the only human being who could have made it a Paradise, I must *never* hope to interest."

"Never, is a long word, Emma," said the affectionate sister, as she pressed her to her bosom. "I cannot believe that any man can witness the entire devotedness of a young and lovely woman like you, to the painful duties you perform so well, unmoved, nor do I think a good man, less likely than another to form a new connexion; on the contrary, since he resigns to God the beloved being demanded at his hands, so may he thankfully accept another as the gift of the same merciful donor. Do not betray yourself, my love, but still less allow yourself to despair, for alas! with every aid that love and friendship can offer, you have a trial before you which neither can avert."

This prophecy was soon verified: the old gentleman breathed his last in the supporting arms of his beloved neighbour, who yielded to both his daughters all the support his kindness and piety could bestow, being in every respect the tenderest of brothers, until they were alike placed under the care of Caroline's husband.

Every one wondered that Miss Cecil's spirits continued so low in the new scene to which she removed, and where numerous pleasant acquaint-

ances awaited her; still more were they surprised when it was found that she declined the offers of two lovers, either of whom a large circle of mammas had long angled for; but winter and summer passed away, and Ellen still seemed the same pensive person—she neither wept nor complained, and evidently tried to be cheerful, but there was on her heart a weight that perforce sat upon her countenance.

A child's voice was heard to pronounce her name—a child's quick step bounded after her, as she was taking a solitary walk in autumn.—She turned, and saw the darling Emma, the petted favourite in that home she could never cease to regret.

"My love, how came you here, my sweet child?"

"Well, don't cry, and I will tell you how it is. I was five years old yesterday, and so papa has brought me to see you, and he says that you and I (but it's a great secret), *he hopes* you and I will never be parted again, for I have so wanted you, dear Miss Cecil, you don't know."

Ellen could only reply by endearments.

"And Papa has wanted you quite *as much as me*; nurse says more than me; but see, he is coming, and he can tell you all about it."

Ellen wished she had never heard the latter words of the unconscious prattler, for they had dyed her pale cheek with blushes, and made her heart throb almost audibly; but she did not re-enter the house until her spirits were re-assured, and she knew herself to have been long the preferred, the selected, the beloved of him with whom her own heart had been "so fondly garnered." A promise to the wife he never ceased to honour, that he would not marry till their child was five years old, had bound his tongue; and the peculiar situation of Ellen, had prevented her from reading in his looks and manners the dawning and the growth of that full approbation and solid affection which characterized his love, and bade fair to render her the happiest of women when united to her "quiet neighbour."—*From the Ladies Magazine and Museum.*

A Cool Fiddler.—The Italians were very early jealous of the promise of the Germans in the musical art, and to this day bear them an old grudge. M. Pesendel, one of the earliest of German violinists, during a musical tour which he made in Italy for improvement in his profession, was requested by a nobleman, residing in Venice, to exhibit to the public his abilities on his instrument, between the acts of the opera. Pisendel agreed to do so, and chose a concerto of Vivaldi for the occasion. The orchestra who accompanied him being Italians, concerted a plan to make him fail—they picked out a spot of the rondo in which the solo violin had three or four notes (lying in the difficult positions of the instrument), to one in the bass; they then began by gentle degrees to accelerate the time, hoping to whip the concerto-player into prodigious and unexpected brilliancy. The cautious German, however, soon discovered the snare that his enemies had laid for him, and triumphed over it, for he began to stamp; and the more the orchestra hurried the time, the more he stamped *contra tempo*. At length the Venetian orchestra were really ashamed of accompanying so badly, as the apt exposition of M. Pisendel's right leg demonstrated; they all left off hurrying, and the concerto-player left off stamping. Some vulgar Englishman is said to have remarked that M. Pisendel had *put his foot in it*, in a way that the Venetians did not much admire.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A new historical Comedy in five Acts, to be entitled the

MINISTER AND THE MERCER.

To conclude with the grand Equestrian Spectacle, entitled

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

The spectacle under the direction of Mr. Ducrow, who will appear with his stud of horses.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The new grand Fairy Ballet of the

REVOLT OF THE HAREM,

Principal Performers,—Mademoiselle Cava, Mademoiselle Larche, Mademoiselle Vagon, Mademoiselle Celeste, and Monsieur Silvain.

With other Entertainments.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

LURLINE,

Or, the Revolt of the Naiades.

Previous to which a New Burletta, called

ISABELLA; OR, WOMAN'S LIFE,

To conclude with the new Grand Comic Pantomime, with splendid new Scenery, extensive Machinery, Dresses, and Decorations, called

HARLEQUIN AND MARGERY DAW!

OR, THE SAUCY SLUT AND THE SEE-SAW.

With Entire new Scenery.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

DANCING FOR LIFE.

After which

THE WELSH GIRL,

With other Entertainments.

To conclude with

THE DEEP DEEP SEA.

SURREY THEATRE.

WALTER BRAND,

Or, A Duel in the Mist.

After which, the successful piece of the

PRISONER OF ROCHELLE.

To conclude with

JONATHAN BRADFORD,

ROYAL FITZROY THEATRE.

(Late Queen's, Tottenham-street, Fitzroy-square,)

A new Domestic Drama, entitled

THE GAMING TABLE,

After which

MARTIAL LAW,

To which will be added

WHO'S RIGHT AND WHO'S WRONG?

With a new Musical Farce, in One Act, called

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

To conclude with

THE KING INCOG,

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.

THE CLERK OF CLERKENWELL.

After which the

NAG'S HEAD, OR SUPPER FOR FOUR,

To conclude with

THE DOOMED FISHERMAN,

ROYAL VICTORIA THEATRE.

THE HEADSMAN,

To conclude with the comic pantomime called

A. B. C.

OR, HARLEQUIN GUY, EARL OF WARWICK, AND THE DUN COW.

DUCROW'S NEW ARENA.

Church-street, Whitechapel.

DUCROW'S GRAND SPECTACLE,

In which he and the rest of Astley's well known artists will appear.

The Entertainments are changed every third night.

THE NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE.

Windmill-street, Haymarket.

THE HEADSMAN

After which

JOHN ENGLISH.

To conclude with

THE FRENCHMAN IN FLORENCE,

CLARENCE THEATRE,

King's Cross.

THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN,

OR THE LILY OF ST. LEONARD'S.

To conclude with

GUSTAVUS THE THIRD.

ROYAL PAVILION.

THE OUTCAST,

OR, THE ROBBERS COMPACT.

To conclude with

BOLD BEN,

OR THE BLACK REEFER.

CITY THEATRE.

JONATHAN BRADFORD,

After which

LOVE IN A COALHOLE,

To conclude with

BOGLE OF THE BRAVE,

GARRICK THEATRE,

Leman-street Whitechapel.

JONATHAN BRADFORD.

Jonathan Bradford.....Mr. Freer.

And the New Splendid Pantomime of

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

DIBDIN'S SANS SOUCI,

Leicester-place, Leicester Square.

Mr. J. RUSSELL.

Most respectfully announces, that

THE STRAND-ED ACTOR,

has at length found anchorage on the interesting spot where the Lyric Bard of Nature and the Navy created, and personally produced, so many of his highly popular Effusions; and where a leading feature in Mr. J. Russell's effort to entertain, will be a constant change of selection from the most favourite of

DIBDIN'S SONGS

With occasional variety of

DRAMATIC IMITATIONS, &c.

LOWTHER ROOMS,

King William-Street, West-strand.

Monday, Feb. 10, 1834.

Mr. Wood, of the King's Theatre, begs respectfully to announce that his fourth

GRAND MASQUERADE,

Will take place on the above Evening.

A Group of Minstrels are engaged to perform between the Dances.

Admission, £1 *1s.* Character Tickets, 10*s* 6*d*.

Tickets to be had at the Rooms and all the Masquerade Warehouses.

NEW GRECIAN SALOON

City Road.

CONCERT EVERY EVENING.

The Musical Entertainments (varied every Evening) and the overtures performed by the Band, having received general approbation, they will be continued until further notice.

THEATRICALS.

"Honour the Art, and encourage the Artist."

THE ADELPHI.

The managers have presented us with another new piece, entitled *Isabella*, or *Woman's Life*, and was deservedly successful. It is of the Henriette and Victorine class. The first scene, a very beautiful one, is laid among the recesses of the Piedmontese Alps, where a party of the peasantry are about to start to Paris, as usual, in search of the gifts of fortune. The arrival of a corps of lancers introduces *Eugene Le Marc*, whose betrothe, *Isabella*, is among the proposed travellers. So charming an opportunity of accompanying him is of course not to be neglected, and all is settled that they are to be married immediately on the conclusion of the journey. A quarrel which ensues between *Eugene* and a profligate comrade, one *Corporal Scipio*, in consequence of some attempts made by the latter to practise his coarse gallantry among the village lasses, partially interrupts the harmony of the scene, but the squabble is at once stopped by *Scipio* whispering a few words in the ear of *Eugene*, which have a most sedative effect on that gentleman's anger, and we soon find that the corporal is in possession of some secret which places his antagonist in his power. A temporary reconciliation takes place, and the first act concludes with the departure of the party for Paris. In the second we are introduced to the fortunate and intriguing *General Le Marc*, who has been raised to that rank by his services; and to *Isabella*, in the character of a wife and mother. Eight years have gone by, and she has two children, but from the gaiety of her husband's disposition her domestic happiness is not unclouded. A midnight attack upon the house brings in our old acquaintance *Scipio* again as a burglar; he is secured by the General, but as he still retains "the secret," is of course immediately liberated.—The perpetual extortions of this man at last induce *Le Marc* to dispatch him, but he is foiled in the attempt, and the second act ends with his being left wounded and bleeding by his adversary. In the third we find *Isabella*, after fourteen years, once more established in her old home among the Alps. Her husband, whom the publication of his "secret" has driven no one knows whither, is generally supposed to be dead, and she is hourly expecting the return of her son *Vincent* from his regiment, upon leave of absence. In his way, *Vincent*, now a fine young man of nineteen, rescues his father from his old tormentor, *Scipio*, who, not content with having ruined his fortunes by disclosing the fact that he had embezzled a portion of the regimental money, and forged a tale to account for its disappearance, now attempts his life to satisfy his yet unsated revenge. The struggle is about to terminate fatally for *Eugene*, when his son's pistol settles the account in his favour; a general reunion takes place, attended with all sorts of pious and repentant resolutions on the part of the returned prodigal, and the piece concluded with a kind of lecture delivered by Mrs. Yates to the ladies, married and single, before the curtain. Those who have seen this lady in the dramas to which we have before adverted, will scarcely need to be told that her acting was of the best and chastest description; although she has not such opportunities for display on this as have been afforded her on some other occasions, still every one must be delighted with her performance. Her husband shone most in the profligate of the second act, a *roue*, not without some redeeming qualities. This act, indeed, is by far the most interesting portion of the drama. It were treason to conclude this account without mention of "glorious John," as Mr. Reeve is now frequently styled. Although a perfect excrescence upon the story, the vagaries of him and his colleague, Buckstone, in characters introduced to give relief to the more sombre portions of the story, were as amusing as ever, and convulsed the house with laughter; we much question, however, whether the author wrote any two consecutive lines of the part of *Apollo Bajazet*, which its great representative appeared to be *extemporising* as usual. Mrs. Keeley's acting in the farmer's wife was perfect; she played well up to Mrs. Yates throughout in a part similar to those heretofore filled by Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and fairly divided the applauses of the house with the heroine.

Mr. Yates, having but an indifferent reverential reminiscence of the Royal Martyr, had his theatre open last night with an *omnium gatherum* of an entertainment, in which selections from his *Reminiscences of Himself* were the most prominent peculiarity. These, from the peculiar interest which they had for their narrator, were naturally given with much freshness. They were succeeded by a monologue, in which an odd-fishing Squire—his hoyden daughter—her lover, Jonquil Jessamine—an old amorous maiden aunt—a beadle—a pot-boy—a footman—and a veteran Scotch woman, who has had three, and wants a fourth husband—all figured in the quickest succession. The instantaneousness with which Mr. Yates metamorphosed himself into these various characters was truly remarkable, and he took an especial opportunity of impressing the circumstance on his auditory. The entertainment was filled up with two scenes from the *Result of the Naiads*, and with the optical illusions which have been so successfully exhibited here on a former occasion.

THE FITZROY.

A novel One Act Sketch, illustrative of Corsican peculiarities, entitled *Matteo Falconi*, has lately been produced here with decided success. The plot of the piece is taken from a French tale of that name, relative to the rigorous principles of justice entertained by the Corsicans, in common with many other nations, on the occasion of a violation of the laws of hospitality. *Matteo Falconi*, a Corsican peasant, carries these principles to the fullest extent, by sacrificing the life of his little son, who had played the traitor by betraying (from sordid motives) an outlaw, who had taken shelter at the cottage of *Matteo*, in the absence of himself and wife. The two latter characters, upon whom the interest of the piece devolves, were very ably sustained by Mr. C. Mason, and his sister. The indignation and gradual maddening to passion, on the part of the father, when he discovers the treachery of his son, and the resolution to inflict on him the above terrible punishment, were given by Mr. Mason, in a manner indicating a high degree of talent. The piece was announced for repetition, amidst great applause, by a crowded and fashionable audience.

A new piece was also brought out here on Monday last, entitled *The Gaming Table*, for the purpose of introducing the spirited proprietor of this Theatre, Mr. C. Mayhew, which was very favourably received; but, for want of space, must postpone our notice of it until next week; we cannot, however, avoid taking this opportunity of complimenting the Managers in the general arrangements of the Theatre; at the same time, we beg to call their attention to the boxes, which we would advise them to have boarded up; as the cold air, at this time of the year, is not very pleasant for a female to feel at her back every time the door opens in the course of the evening.

NEW QUEEN'S.

We paid a visit, a short time since, to this pleasant little Theatre, formerly Cook's Circus, in Windmill-street, Haymarket, and were much pleased with the entertainments, which were selected for the gratification of a respectable and crowded audience. The Theatre is under the management of Elliott, formerly of the Cobourg and Queen's Theatres, (now the Fitzroy,) with most of the company from the latter place. The Manager has announced several novelties, which, from their titles, seem likely to prove *magnetic*; a consummation in the theatrical world at all times most devoutly to be wished; but we shall take an early opportunity of more fully noticing the performances of this Theatre.

THE SANS SOUCI.

Mr. J. Russell, the noted Strand-ed Actor, has lately taken up his quarters here; the place itself is peculiarly adapted for mono-dramatic representations, and in rich local reminiscences, having been the site of the original emanations of the celebrated naval poet, Dibdin. Mr. R., in our humble opinion, is well deserving of the public patronage and support; for he has given to this species of entertainment a greater degree of vocal character than has been attempted by any one, perhaps, with the exception of Dib in himself. The entertainment is nearly similar to that which he gave in the Strand, lately; but as he extends in practice, so does he gain in proficiency. He appears to be much more at home here, and throws his mirth inspiring vein more freely and effectively abroad. The house itself is very neatly done up; and we have no doubt will not fail to draw full houses every evening of the representation.

VICTORIA.

The language of condemnation, as applied to this Theatre, is both new and painful to us. But condemn we must, when such barbarous work is going forward as the *Headsman!* Did Cooper but see how one of his best, and most graphic novels has been cut to pieces under the name of dramatising, he would be ready, we opine, to hew right and left in return. In the name of common sense, who *arranged* the *Headsman!*

There are two magical portions of the Novel which invariably rivet the attention of every reader. These are, the opening scene on the Lake Leman, where the embarkation on board the "Winkelheid" takes place: and the subsequent storm. Making every allowance for the non-representation of the latter, on the ground of difficulty and expense (although the Adelphi would have done it) why was not the first given, on which the whole of the subsequent plot hinges, and without which, no one who has not read the novel, could possibly understand a jot of it? Fond as the English are of spectacle, they want a little common sense as an accompaniment; and the painful silence which reigned throughout the house during the progress of the play, with the exception of the applause which welcomed the *dog's* performance, must have convinced the Lessees of the Theatre, that the dramatist has played the devil with his work.

Independently of this, there are anomalies of a very ludicrous nature. Mr. Forrester, in crossing the Great St. Bernard, during a heavy snow-storm, which nearly annihilated all the rest of the party, did not experience the least inconvenience from being dressed in a black velvet bonnet with a towering white plume, and a dazzling red silk cloak! And one of the ladies (Miss Horton), after having nearly expired by frost, is so warmed with gratitude for the refreshment brought her by the dog, that she forgets her benumbed fingers and frozen toes, and forthwith commences singing a merry song. And to crown the whole, the *Headsman* himself comes forward, at the termination of the piece, to implore the audience to be kind to him. Bah! when will such mummery cease.

Abbott and Wynne, maugre their miserably managed parts did every thing that could be done, to render them effective. But their efforts were useless. The piece dragged its slow length very heavily along; and there was not a person in the house who was not thoroughly glad when it terminated, notwithstanding the beauty of the scenery, and performance of the dog—to which too much praise cannot be accorded.

SURREY THEATRE.

It may be regarded as a happy omen, for the speedy regeneration of taste, as regards theatricals, in England, that the public are, at length, becoming disgusted with devils, and monstrosities of every kind—save, and except, a dragon, occasionally, to amuse the holliday children—and evince a decided determination to patronize that most instructive, as well as rationally amusing species of theatrical entertainments, the *Domestic Drama*, in which we behold every-day life, as it really is—instead of having the imagination stretched to its utmost tether, to comprehend things altogether inconceivable. It is now a considerable time since that Prince of Demons, the histronic Belzebub of the day, Mr. O. Smith, of the Adelphi, has played the regular bona fide *Devil*; though the incarnate fiends, who are every day to be met with, in the shape of gamblers, seducers of innocence, &c. prowling about, and "seeking whom they may devour," still find in that gentleman, on the stage—not *off*—God forbid! a most worthy representative. In the production of the domestic Drama, we know of no Theatre more deservedly successful than the Surrey, which, in fact, may be regarded as the parent establishment, for the faithful representation of the scenes of humble life. When the Patent Theatres were horrifying the children of larger and smaller growth, with their *Zamiels*, *Bottle Imps*, and *Monsters*, à la *Frankenstein*—*Black-eyed Susan* modestly made her appearance at the Surrey, and opened a new school of the Drama—as equally remote from devilry on the one hand, as mawkish and whining sentimentality on the other—a school, which we feel strongly inclined to designate as, the *Reign of the Heart!* The course thus pointed out by the late Mr. Elliston, has since been most laudibly followed by the present Lessee of the Surrey Theatre, Mr. Osbaldistone; as the domestic Dramas of *Jonathan Bradford*—and that now playing—*Walter Brand*, decidedly prove. This latter piece having been several weeks before the public, we shall but observe, that it continues to prove as great a magnet of attraction as ever; and furnishes a strongly delineated and well finished picture of life *as it is*. *Walter Brand* is ably pourtrayed by Mr. Rumball, and is one of that description of delinquents, who are, as it were, dragged into the vortex of guilt, by the giant hand of inexorable fate; and over whose grave, therefore, rigid virtue herself dare not refuse the tribute of a tear. The other characters without exception, are all most respectably filled. The "Byronian Diorama" is a rich treat, and highly creditable to the taste and talent of Mr. Marshall. In fact, the crowded state of this House here, every night, is a convincing proof that theatricals, as some croakers would have us believe, are by no means in disrepute amongst us, in the present day—but that the public are ever ready to come forward and support, with unlimited patronage, such managers as cater for their amusement and *instruction*—agreeably to the scientific, intellectual, and moral improvements of the age.

"Die Schaubuhne ist die grosse Schule der Mensch heit."

The Stage is the great Academy of mankind.

GOETHE.

THEATRICALS—(CONTINUED.)

SADLER'S WELLS.

The great novelty at this Theatre is the new Dramatic spectacle of *The Clerk of Clerkenwell*, or *The Three Black Bottles*. It is written by Mr. Almar. The plot of the piece is very interesting and Dramatic, and founded, we believe, on some traditionary story of olden times. The scenery and dresses are very splendid and correct, and the Manager must have been at a very great expense in getting up the piece. The burning of the Convent by a band of Marauders, called the *Steel Cops*, where the stage, in an instant, becomes literally choked up with ruins, and the *Grand Marriage Masque*, are the most striking scenes. In the last scene the appearance of the illuminated pillars, richly clad bowmen, military musicians, and ornamented cars, all beautifully lighted by pale green fire, is really magical, and must be seen to be appreciated. Mr. Almar, at the fall of the curtain, was vehemently called for to receive the congratulations of a very respectable and crowded audience.

Since our last visit here, considerable improvements have been made in the Theatre; the boxes have been all inclosed in by a partition, which renders them warm and comfortable; and the general arrangements which have lately been made, reflects great credit on its spirited proprietor, Mr. Almar.

THE PAVILION

Two new pieces, one called *The Devil's Punch Bowl*, or *St. Patrick's Oak*; the other, *George and the Crocodile*, have been produced here during the last week with great success. The latter piece, a pungent satire on *St. George and the Dragon*, is full of whimsical situations; a combat between Burton and Raymond, as *Jolly George* and the *Crocodile*, convulsed the house with laughter.

DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

Revolte du Serail is to be produced early at the King's Theatre, as nearly as possible as it was brought out at the Royal Academy of Music in Paris, with Taglioni for the heroine.

Knowles has completed his alteration in his play of *The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal-Green*, for the Victoria Theatre, by introducing several new scenes, and making considerable changes in the parts of young *Small* and his companions. He has likewise compressed the story into three acts. He read it on Friday in the Green-room of the Victoria, in the presence of the performers and his accomplished cousin, Mrs. Norton, who came to the Theatre for the purpose of hearing it. It will be put into rehearsal immediately, that it may be brought out a sufficient time before the conclusion of Knowles's engagement in March. The part of the *Beggar's Daughter* will be in the hands of Miss Jarman, Egerton will be her father, and Knowles her lover.

It has been reported all the week that the highest clerical authorities have expressed strong objections to a repetition this year of sacred dramatic performances, similar to those which were allowed by the Lord Chamberlain on Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent last season.

Lord Byron's *Sardanapalus* has been laid aside at Drury-lane—at all events until the success of the forthcoming novelties has been ascertained.

Liston has resumed his engagement with Vestris for next season, on advantageous terms. Keeley has also renewed his engagement.

Miss Chaplin is engaged at the Fitzroy, and is to make her first appearance in a new Operetta on Monday next. This young lady will no doubt prove a very valuable acquisition to the company of this Theatre. Mrs. Pearce, late of the Dublin stage, is also engaged.

ORIGINAL PAPERS, BY THE EDITOR.

LETTER

LETTER FROM LORD BYRON TO THOMAS MOORE' HIS ANCIENT AND MODERN BIOGRAPHER.

In the Elysian Fields, in the month of——
Eternity hath no date.

DEAR TOM,—When Francis Moore sat himself down to write Almanacks, with all the pride and pedantry of the Astrologer of the olden time, to predict frost in January, and oppressive heat in the dog-days, he, probably, little dreamt that any more *Moore's* would, after him, be found to put pen to paper, to mislead mankind—yet hast thou done this—thou arrant little rogue—tho', doubtless, with the best possible intention—in that last and most voluminous of thy works. "*My Biography.*" Alack the day! thou art a glorious poet, honest Tom—but a sorry historian: and seemest totally to have lost sight of the fact, that biography is history and not romance. Of this, no Shade of genius in all Elysium, is now more thoroughly convinced than our friend and former rival, the giant of the Northern Athens—great Walter Scott. Since Napoleon here has been taking Walter to task, for committing such egregious blunders (as placing the Duke of Wellington on a level, or even extolling him above the exile of St. Helena) the famous *Memoirs of Napoleon*, by Scott, have sunk to about the value of waste-paper, even in the estimation of the author of Waverly himself. But to return to my biography, which thou hast committed—its great fault (and a glaring one it is) is, a departure from truth, even where truth would have been infinitely more amusing than the fiction supplied by thy imaginations, or thy ill-informed authorities. In a word, thou hast made me both better and worse, in a hundred instances, than I really was; for which, however, I readily forgive thee; and cordially laugh at thy wilful, nay, roguish blunders, misrepresentations, inventions, additions, multiplications, and divisions—well knowing, from experience, as a writer, that when publishers are waiting, with breathless anxiety, for the completion of a work, ready and willing to pay for the same at the rate of three or four guineas a page,—the *Demon of Digression*, attended by his favourite imps, *Prolixity* and *Circumloquacity*, are ever at an author's elbow, tempting him to spin out his *yarn*, as the sailors have it, to the greatest possible length; so glorious is the golden harvest—the rich reward that sweeteneth his labours.

Dream not, honest Tom, that I, during the period of my authorship on earth, was indifferent to the good old adage—"Make hay while the sun shines."—No such thing; and should you ever be called upon, honest Tom, to revise *your* biography of *me*—for a second, third, or even a twentieth edition—since there is no end to the gullibility of John Bull—you have my posthumous authority for stating, that the public are indebted for the one-half, if not two-thirds, of my longer poems to the *long* purse of my long-winded publisher in Albemarle-street; and the *long* suffering of my readers, in not only enduring, but lauding to the very skies the out-*spinnings* of my fancy, not for their gratifications, or even to win the wreath of immortality—Hear it, ye gods, and blush—but for the self-same cause, which makes of Johnny Bull so egregious an ass—the enthusiastic love of *Sovereigns*.

By-the-bye, friend Tom, a glorious and quite original idea struck me, lately, for the subject of a new novel—which I should call—"*The Crab-walkers.*" Having now neither connexion with, nor access to the gude man, Murray, of Albemarle-street; and there being no Publishers here in Elysium, I send thee a sketch of the projected work, honest Tom—either for thyself, or any *Novel-spinner* of thy acquaintance. It is as follows:—"In a remote region of that planetary body, denominated by you mortals, the *Moon*—there exists, it appears, from the most authentic information, a people to whom Jove has granted the enviable privilege of *living all their time over again.*" This, however, sounds somewhat enigmatical—a little explanation will be necessary—"In consequence of a petition, presented by the Lunarians, in question—I had well nigh written *lunatics*—to mighty Jove, in which they regretted their inability to reform the errors of their past lives, through the untimely interference of that inexorable tyrant, *Death*. Jupiter, in order to try their sincerity, and, under the express condition of their subjecting themselves to condign punishment, in the event of any infringement of the contract, on their part, consented, by a celestial Order in Council, to grant unto the said race of Lunarians, entirely *pro tem et per experimentum*, the following novel *Charter of Life*:—In the natural course of events, unless any act of violence cut short the thread of their existence, each individual of that highly favoured race was, like other mortals, to live on progressively, from infancy to youth, manhood, and old age. One hundred years of life was allotted to every one of them; at which period, instead of sinking into the grave, Old Time, with them, turned completely to the right about face; and they commenced retracing all their steps—and re-living their lives, every day getting younger and younger—going all the ground over again as it were, backwards—for which reason I can find no better appellation for them than "*Crab-walkers.*" What an enviable Charter of human Life! How glorious an opportunity for reformation! For what is more common on earth, as well as in the moon, than to hear mortals regret, when, forsooth, they can live and sin no longer, the impossibility of recalling the days that are past and gone for ever? Happy Lunarians! your's is a far different lot. If, like the frail sons and daughters of the earth, you occasionally, on your *forward march* through life, swerve from the path of rectitude, and commit a little *faux pas*—you have, at least, the delightful consolation of knowing that, when you retrace your steps, you can avoid all the snares of temptation, and live only to reason and to virtue. Enviable race! as infants of one minute old, you open your pretty eyes, and behold the *untaxed* light of day,—observe, honest Tom, there are no window taxes in the moon—and, again, as infants of but one moment old, after your *retrogade* march, you gently sink into the arms of Death. Enchanting state of two-fold innocence! once a man, *twice* a child! How literally true, applied to you, ye favoured—ye enviable Lunarians." "But whence comes it," demanded I, of Mercury, "that I see none of the happy shades of the *Crabwalkers*, wandering in the blissful bowers of Elysium?" "Because," replied that subtle deity, "they are all, without exception, condemned to Tartarus, for not fulfilling the terms of their Charter, with Imperial Jove. Experience teach mortals wisdom, indeed! ha! ha! ha! ha! the idea is altogether ridiculous." "And with so glorious an opportunity, they did not reform," exclaimed I, "not one of them," replied Mercury; the Centenarian, bent double with old age, even as on earth, made, it is true, a grievous outcry against the crimes of manhood, and the follies of youth. Still, notwithstanding, when he, *retracing* life's eventful career, dropped by degrees the load of his infirmities, and again acquired a zest for pleasure and enjoyment; he in an instant forgot all virtuous resolutions, and the prevailing passions of his soul, and the propensities of his nature, predominating over every laudable resolve, hurried him away to the commission of the self-same errors as marked the progress of his first career!" "Incredible!" exclaimed I. "Such is the truth," cried Jove, in a voice of thunder, "therefore, thou thoughtless Shade! envy not that lunatic, the Lunarian, for that which is anything but enviable. Better far, as is the lot of the terrestrial inhabitant, to have the curtain of death, and the mantle of charity drop upon the errors of mortality, without giving such frail beings an opportunity of adding to infirmity by crime." I yielded to the wisdom of omnipotence, and urged the theme no farther. But what thinkst thou now, honest Tom, of this subject for a regular first rate, and well spun-out novel? Is it not excellent? Methinks I already pore over its delectable pages, and read therein all the little youthful *faux pas* of the dear *lunarian ladies*

in particular; sincerely repented of when they become venerable old dames of three score and ten; but only to be repeated with interest, when they turn about, and on their backward march, the *second heydey* of their blood begins. Methinks I already read in the bewitching pages of such a novel as the *Crabwalkers* would unquestionably make, how priests at ninety, begin to see the sin of Simony, pluralities and church sinecures; and Prime Ministers and Lord Chancellors, the wickedness of supporting corruption through thick and thin, to gain the smiles of royalty; yet only, on their retrogade march, to hunt for more livings, and grasp at the loaves and fishes with ten-fold cupidity. Oh man! man! "verily," as *Hamlet* says, "Man delights not me;" but not so, lovely woman. By the bye, wouldst thou credit it, honest Tom, that we have even here, our innocent *tetes a tetes*, and *conversazione*, with the fair goddesses and ghosts of Elysium? The other day, after dinner, when Ambrosia was removed, and the Nectar going round in glorious profusion, Madam Venus, forsooth, threw an apple at your humble servant, commanding me to pick it up, and return it to her, with an extemporaneous effusion of mine, on the delightful subject of *kissing*; I obeyed, approached the goddess, presented to her the apple, and thus gave vent to the feelings of my heart, on her enchanting theme:—

Kissing is interwoven with my nature;
When I was born, my mother *kiss'd* my lips;
E'en at the very moment, when Bright Phœbus,
Walking from out his orient chamber, *kiss'd*,
With lips of golden fire, the mountains' tops.
While gentle Zephyrs *kiss'd* the willing flowers,
Disseminating odours all around.
Since, therefore, I was born in *kissing* time,
I cannot chuse but *kiss*, and *kiss* I will,
As long as woman hath an eye to kill;
A heart to pity, and lips pouting bliss,
That seem to cry out—'come, and take a *kiss*!'

Venus was delighted with my essay; but as I, 'suiting the action to the word,' *kissed* the tips of her ethereal fingers—Vulcan, her husband, frowned and grumbled terrifically; he was, however, quickly silenced by Jupiter, who heartily enjoyed the joke—and commanded him, instantly, to go and forge some unusually large thunderbolts, to be launched, ere long, from the hand of outraged humanity, at the cruel oppressors of the brave Poles. Adieu! dear Tom—and, without becoming either a Lunarian, or a Macadamite, be sure thou mend thy ways in future—especially when thou would'st again commit the sin of writing biography.

Thine, most sincerely, honest Tom,

THE SHADE OF BYRON.

ANECDOTES.

It is a long time since we met with a story that pleased us more than the following. It is so touching and simple, that you pronounce it at once to be true, and *that* gives it an interest. In the tale before us, brief as it is, we occasionally remark the style and manner of Sterne, Washington Irving, and Charles Lamb:—

THE following anecdote is taken from "A Visit to Flanders," and will give some idea of the kind of scenes that were passing during the memorable battle of Waterloo.—"I had the good fortune," says the intelligent writer, "to travel from Brussels to Paris, with a young Irish officer, and his wife, an Antwerp lady, of only sixteen, of great beauty and innocence. The husband was at the battle of Quatre-Bras, as well as that of Waterloo. The unexpected advance of the French called him off at a moment's notice to Quatre-Bras; but he left with his wife, his servant, one horse, and the family-baggage, which was packed upon an ass. Retreat, at the time, was not anticipated; but being suddenly ordered, he contrived to get a message to his wife, to make the best of her way, attended by the servant and baggage to Brussels. The servant, a foreigner, had availed himself of the opportunity to take leave of both master and mistress, and made off with the horse, leaving the helpless young lady alone with the baggage ass. With a firmness, becoming the wife of a British officer, she boldly commenced, on foot, her retreat of twenty-five miles, leading the ass by the bridle, and carefully preserving the baggage. No violence was dared by any one to so innocent a pilgrim, but no one could venture to assist her. She was soon in the midst of the retreating British army, and much retarded and endangered by the artillery; her fatigue was great; it rained in torrents, and the thunder and lightning were dreadful in the extreme. She continued to advance, and got upon the great road from Charleroi to Brussels, at Waterloo, in the evening, when the army were taking up the line for the awful conflict. In so extensive a field, among 80,000 men, it was in vain to seek her husband: she knew that the sight of her *there* would embarrass and distress him; she kept slowly advancing to Brussels all night, the road choked with all sorts of conveyances, waggons, and horses; multitudes of fugitives flying into the great road, and many of the wounded walking their painful way, dropping at every step, and breathing their last; here and there lay a corpse or a limb, particularly, (as she said,) several hands. Many persons were actually killed by others, if they by chance stood in the way of their endeavours to help themselves; and to add to the horrors, the rain continued unabated, and the thunder and lightning still raged as if the heavens were torn to pieces. Full twelve miles further, during the night, this young woman marched, often up to her knees in mud; her boots worn entirely off, so that she was barefooted, but still unhurt, she led her ass, and, although thousands lost their baggage, and many their lives, she calmly entered Brussels on the morning in safety, self, ass, bag and baggage, without the loss of an article. In a few hours after her arrival commenced the cannon's roar of the tremendous battle of Waterloo, exposed to which, for ten hours, she knew her husband to be; she was rewarded, amply rewarded, by finding herself in her husband's arms, he unhurt, and she nothing the worse on the following day." The officer told the tale himself with tears in his eyes. With a slight Irish accent, he called her his "dear little woman, and said she became more valuable to him every day of his life."

The next is whimsical and quaint; but sceptical folks may, perhaps, question the fact:—

CONCISE AND STRIKING.—A woman who lately showed the house and pictures at Easton Newton, near Towcester, the seat of the Earl of Pomfret, expressed herself in these words: "This picture is Sir Robert Turner; he lived in the country, took care of his estate, built this house, and paid for it: managed well, saved money, and died rich.—*That* is his son—he was made a Lord, spent his estate, and died a beggar."—*Kentish*

GLEANINGS.

SHRIMPS.—I had never seen shrimps before I left America; and, but for my curiosity, would as soon eat a handful of huge fleas. So, with prawns; both were new to me, and both detestable for a week or two. At last, however, I got used to them, and could manage a few, I guess; perhaps twenty-nine, or even thirty at a sitting.

BALLAD-SINGERS.—You never see a ballad-singer in America; and, God be praised, never *hear* one, which is infinitely worse.

EXTENT OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.—In no age, nor any record of by-gone nations, is a parallel to be found for the almost boundless extent of the Russian dominions, as they exist in the present day. This colossus of power forms a connected whole, which is dislocated by no seas, and intersected by the possession of no intervening sovereignty. There is not any part of it which lies at all disjointed from this congruous mass, save that which lies in America, and is severed from it by a narrow strait. This portion, after all, does not amount to a fifteenth part of the Muscovite territory, which of itself is larger than Europe and Australia put together. It stretches over three-quarters of the world; occupying the larger portion of the north of Europe, the whole of the north of Asia, and part of the north-west of America. The connexion of the latter with Russia in Asia is maintained by a chain of islands which run from the Peninsula of Kamtschatka in Asia, to the Peninsula of Alsahka in America. The Russian empire comprehends nearly two hundred and fifty degrees of longitude—consequently nearly two-thirds of the circumference of the whole globe; and about forty degrees of latitude—for it extends from Pyzdry, the last station on its Polish frontier, to Queen Charlotte's Sound in America. When it is twelve o'clock at midnight at its westernmost point, it is sixteen minutes past two o'clock at midnight at its easternmost. It comprises a seventh part of the habitable earth, and a five and twentieth part of its superficial extent, land and water. It is seventy-five times larger than Prussia; seventy times larger than Great Britain and Ireland; sixty-eight times larger than Italy; sixty-four times larger than Sweden; thirty-seven times larger than France; and thirty-one times larger than Austria. The climate of this immense sovereignty is as varied as its component parts: here we have the heats which ripen the grape, the almond, the fig, and olive, the pomegranate and orange in the open air; and there, the excessive frigidity which reduces mercury to the state of hardness in which it may be hammered: at one extremity the bear housed amid eternal ice, and at the other the camel passing over a hot-bed of arid sand; spring blooming along the Caucasus, whilst life and vegetation are entombed along the frozen strand of the Vistula and Neva. Yet in all his greatness, the Autocrat scarcely counts twice as many lieges as the King of England and is lord of scarcely as many cities and market-towns as the single Emperor of Austria.

TRUSSES.—H. COLWELL, No. 1. Southampton-street, Strand, having hitherto manufactured for the trade only, now offers to labouring men strong and good trusses at 2s. 6d. each; and to the public, trusses covered in a superior manner at 5s.—Salmon's Patent, 5s. Best ditto, 7s., usually charged one guinea and upwards, and every other article in the business equally cheap. Mrs. C in attendance for Ladies.—Trusses for exportation (not liable to rust) at lower prices than at any other house in London,—Trusses re-covered.

TESTIMONIALS OF THE PRESS.

"Public institutions, parochial officers, and benevolent individuals, will do well to patronise the industry and spirit of Mr. Colwell.—The invention for Prolapsus surpasses every thing of the kind we have ever seen, and is not more than one third the price usually charged by other manufacturers."—Weekly True Sun.

"We have it in contemplation shortly to shew up the humbug of the Truss Societies. Were the subscribers to these institutions to look a little more closely into the way their money is managed, they would soon discover, that the best way of serving the objects of their bounty would be to order the article direct from such a man as Colwell, who sells excellent trusses at five shillings, and even half-a-crown a piece, rather than delegate the disposal of their cash to men who have notoriously and improperly used it."—New Weekly Dispatch.

LOWTHER ROOMS,

KING WILLIAM STREET, WEST STRAND.

MR. J. BLAKE respectfully informs the Gentry and Public, that the Books are now open for the insertion of Subscriber's Names and Addresses, to a series of EIGHT SUBSCRIPTION ASSEMBLIES, which will take place at the above Rooms, on the following Days; 13th February, 26th Ditto, 12th March, 26th Ditto, 9th April, 23rd Ditto, 7th May, 21st Ditto, under the following Regulations.

1st. That the Subscription of £1. 11s. 6d. entitles the Subscriber to an admission with two Ladies.

2nd. That each Subscriber is entitled to a Visitor's Ticket, by the Visitor introduced paying 7s., the Subscriber being answerable for the respectability of the party introduced.

3rd. Half the produce arising from the Visitor's Tickets to be placed at the Committee's disposal, which Committee is to be elected by Ballot from the Subscribers.

4th. All Business to be transacted by the Committee so elected.

5th. Should a wish be expressed for one or two of the series of Balls to be Fancy Costume, it must be decided by the majority of Subscribers.

COALS.—POPE, BROTHERS, and Co. beg to invite the attention of the public to their extraordinary low prices of Coals, and recommend to purchasers the present time as the most favourable and important to lay in a stock.

At the request of many respectable families, Pope, Brothers, and Co. quote a price for screened Coals, but, at the same time, assure the public that their best, which they sell at 28s., are sent out more free from dust than unscreened Coals are in general, and they feel persuaded that they will gain the preference they so justly merit, alike for size, quality, and price.

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	per ton.
Stewart's, Hetton's, or Lambton's Wall's End	25s.
Ditto, ditto, screened	27s.
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Abbey Wharf, Little Abingdon-street,
Westminster. December 1, 1838.

SONGS OF THE WILD FLOWERS OF SPRING.

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AN entirely New and Original set of SONGS, under the above title, containing the following subjects, viz. The Primrose—The Violet—The Lily of the Valley—The Cowslip—The Daisy—and The Hyacinth; forming a chaste and elegant Collection of Drawing-Room Songs. The Poetry by J. W. Leslie, Esq.; the Music Composed and Dedicated, by permission, to J. Sheridan Knowles, Esq. by J. M. Jolly, Composer, Leader, and Musical Director, at the Surrey Theatre.

Published for the Author; and Sold by Dale, Cockerill and Co. 19, Poultry; and R. Hack, 4, Gray's Inn Passage, Red Lion Square; and Sold by all Music Sellers.

MUSEUM OF NATIONAL MANUFACTURES, and of the MECHANICAL ARTS, 28, Leicester Square (East side,) in continuation of the design of the National Repository. The Museum is now open for the Exhibition of Superior Productions in Manufactures, and of useful or new inventions in Mechanical Art. Admission, 1s. Catalogues, 1s.

C. TOPLIS, Director.

Articles designed for Exhibition may be forwarded, at any time, (postage free). No charge is incurred for exhibition in the Museum.

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Leghorn and Straw Bonnet Manufacturer, Milliner, and Dress Maker. Milliners supplied with fashionable Willow Bonnet Shapes, 9s. per doz; Widows' Caps, 9s. per doz.; Dress Caps, 18s. per doz.; Ladies' Double Jean Stays, 3s. per pair; Fine Satin Jean Stays, 5s. 6d. per pair.

The above goods are sold cheaper at 376, STRAND, than at any other house in London.

Leghorn, Straw, and Tuscan Bonnets Cleaned, to look equal to new, from 1s. to 2s. and made up in the most fashionable style. Crimping done from 3d. per dozen yards. Silk Bonnets, from 4s. Plush do. 8s.; Straw do. from 1s. 6d. Net Caps from 3½d.

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Wanted a respectable Young Lady as an In-door Apprentice in the above Business, and will be taken on reasonable terms; also, Two out-door Apprentices wanted in the above Line. None need apply but those who can have a respectable Reference.

Has also on hand, a quantity of Jewellery, selling at less than half the value; Perfumery, real Shell and other Combs, very cheap; best white Windsor Soap 1s. 2d. per Pound; Brown Windsor 1s. 4d. the same quality that is sold in other shops at 2s.; Bottles of Oil, 2½d. each; Bear's Grease 6d. per Pot; Macassar Oil 1s. 4d.; Curling Cream for the Hair 1s. the Bottle; Lavender ditto 6d.; best Eau de Cologne 2s.; Tooth Brushes 3d. each; other Brushes equally as cheap; large Boxes of Tooth Powder 6d. each, sold in other Shops at 1s.; Scissors and Penknives from 6d.—Silver Thimbles and Gold Beads at Half-price.

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THE TEA! THE TEA!

MONOPOLY DESTROYED! But the Public thereby (when the Trade is thrown open) will be exposed to greater impositions! than they are at the present moment! a few questions and facts for the consideration of the discriminating part of the public, by Tho. Barnard, Grocer and Tea Dealer, 32, Little Pulteney-street, Golden-square, Corner of Crown-court.

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But how should it be otherwise, when one half of the Trade have never served any Apprenticeship to the Business; but have taken to it when all others have failed Mon Dieu!

The TEAS, at present, previous to being offered for Sale by the (East India Company, are valued by Tea Brokers who have some Character to lose,) as well as the Company and the Teas are sold accordingly as good, indifferent, or bad! but when the Trade will be open, every Tea Dealer, who is not his own Broker, will be exposed to dreadful Imposition; for which the Public at large will suffer. The value of such Men as THOMAS BURNARD, who are well acquainted with the Article, and now sell at a small Profit the best of Teas, Cheaper than any House in London, will be appreciated.

1,000 Sovereigns reward! To any Person who will discover one Particle of bad or adulterated Tea, at the Warehouse of T. BURNARD, 32, Little Pulteney-street, Golden-square, who invites the Excise not only to take his Stock in the usual Way, but to analyze every Chest he has.

	s.	d.
King William IV.'s favorite Pekoe Tea	6	0
And Queen Adelaide's favorite Hyson Tea ...	8	0

Are much inquired for.

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	Fiddle Pattern.	*King's Pattern.*
Table Spoons and Forks, per doz.	48s 0d	72s 0d
Dessert ditto	30 0	54 0
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Soup Ladles and Fish Knives, each	16 0	21 0
Sauce Ladles	5 0	7 6
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Salt Spoons, gilt bowls	2 0	3 0
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Sugar Tongs	5 0	7 0

	EACH. *s. d.*	*s. d.*
Chamber Candlesticks	21 0 to	25 0
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Egg Frames, Table Candlesticks, &c. &c.

Wholesale and retail, at the Manufactory, No. 94, High Holborn, and by the following agents:—Ching, Clapham; Piggot, Richmond; Haycraft, Kingston; Herring, Chertsey; Miss Smith, Staines; Hanson and Son, Windsor; Williams and Son, Reading; Williams, Henley; and Strange, Wycomb.

RASPBERRY BALSAM, for Coughs, Colds Hoarseness, Asthmatic affections, Consumptive Coughs, &c.—This soothing and exquisite compound of the delicious raspberry, will be found to produce the most beneficial effects in all description of Coughs, Colds, Shortners of Breath, Asthma, Consumptive Coughs, &c. In the most stubborn cases of Asthma one dose has been known to give instantaneous relief, causing the accumulation of phlegm to be thrown off by a copious expectoration, thereby enabling the patient to enjoy that repose he has so long been deprived of. In Consumptive Coughs, and all diseases of the chest and lungs, it has been the means of alleviating the sufferings of many individuals, and when a cure could not possibly be affected, it so far removed the disease as to allow the invalid to pursue his usual occupations without much difficulty. This elegant and much-admired preparation, from its harmless and innocent nature, may be administered to childret in all complaints of Hooping-cough, Chin cough, Inflammation of the Lungs, &c.; and will be taken by them and all persons on account of its saccharine properties, and grateful flavour, without the least hesitation.

Prepared only by E. Yate, chemyst (sole proprietor) 12, Vauxhall walk, Lambeth, and sold by him in bottles, 1s. 1½d. 2s. 9d and 4s. 6d., each; also by Barclay and Sons, Farringdon Street; Prout, 229, Strand; Nix, Royal Exchange-gate; Sanger, Oxford-street; Hanmay and Co, Oxford-street; Sutton and Co., Bow Churchyard; Hancock, Blackfriars-road; and by all Patent Medicine venders in town and country, of whom may also be had R. YATE'S FAMILY CATHARTIC PILLS, prepared from a recipe of Dr. Baillie, Physician to his late Majesty George the Third, a most useful and highly approved Family Medicine, in boxes at 7½d., 1s, 1½d., and 4s. 6d. each.

WHISKEY TODDY.—At respectable Taverns, how often is this favourite beverage of the Scotch and Irish Gentry inquired for, when the Landlord is positively unable to supply it. And why is it? Because, in fact, he knows not where the genuine article is to be procured. To obviate this inconvenience Licensed Dealers are now offered any quantity of either the True Irish Poteen, or the Highland Small-still Malt Whiskey of any required strength, at a small advance upon the import price, on condition of cash payment on delivery of goods, including a reasonable charge for package, which will be repaid on its return. Inquiries, or orders by post, promptly attended to, and single gallons, as well as larger quantities, accompanied by a regular permit. HENRY BRETT, Brandy-merchant, No. 109, Drury-lane.

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